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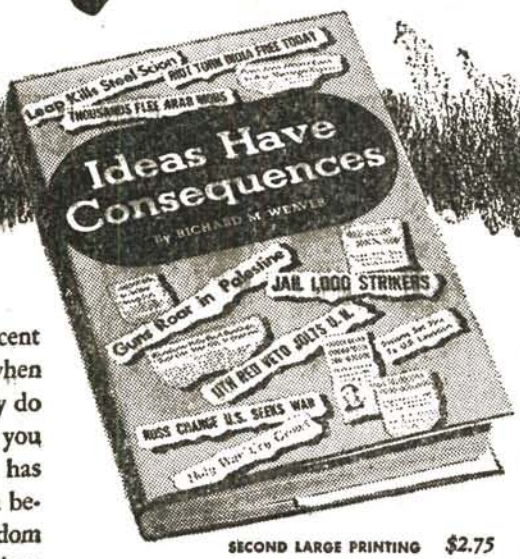
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1948, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. Printed in the U. S. A.

WASHINGTON WIRE

THE BIG domestic news this week is the growing despair of the Democrats. Following the Jackson Day-dinner flop, Truman's prestige took a further giddy decline in the handling of the Palestine issue. Party leaders are at last asking themselves if it's possible to switch to another candidate. The practical answer is Yes, but it means almost certain defeat. It's a repudiation of the party's own leader and record.

The Roosevelt coalition is fast falling apart, Wallace leading off one wing, Southern reactionaries another. There's no fun in any of this for middle-of-the-road progressives.

With all Truman's mistakes and ineptitudes, they feel he's been right on social legislation, the Taft-Hartley Act, taxes, the Marshall Plan and civil liberties. Truman's position now is a good deal like that of Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson, who managed to alienate almost everybody in a remarkably short time, some for good reason. The Democrats ditched Johnson, and the Republicans and the money powers took over. Things look good for them today, too.

ERP will pass. What's happening in Czechoslovakia and Finland ends all doubt about the Marshall Plan in Congress. There seem good prospects that Senate and House will pass it by the April 1 deadline, with a 12-month figure close to the $5.3 billion fixed by Vandenberg. When ERP was proposed, few thought it could pass in the time set or on the scale proposed.

Many observers still feel the mood of the country is basically isolationist —war-weary, cynical, disillusioned. Russia, according to this theory, would have wrecked ERP if she had sweetly signed up when invited to do so at the Paris parley. But Russia didn't. For good or ill, her course since the war has been nicely calculated to produce results in Congress the exact opposite of what she wanted. Amid sorrow over the Czechs, the ERP leaders in Congress can be heard muttering, "Nice timing, Joe, nice timing!"

Grab bag. Republicans are shushing some of their greediest followers for the sake of election appearances. Thus, most of the wind is out of the Fulton Lewis Jr. drive against farm coöperatives, which Chairman Knutson of the House Ways and Means Committee backed. The co-ops have a lot of votes, it appears. Western states also are getting back a good part of their reclamation money, which the power lobby previously blocked. Even so, two extraordinary grabs are going on, the success of which shows the postwar apathy of public opinion.

First proposal is to give offshore oil back to the states for private exploitation, even though the Supreme Court has ruled this is a part, and an invaluable part, of the public domain. Wizened Senator Moore (R, Okla.), spokesman for the oil lobby, is leading this fight. It's about the same thing as saying, "Let's parcel out Yosemite National Park to the real-estate interests."

Second grab is the Rizley-Moore natural-gas bill. Here again, the national interest would be denied and consumer rates for natural gas would be boosted, to aid the power lobby. It would also hamstring the Federal Power Commission, set up to guard the consumer.

Odd angle. A funny angle here is that Truman has made one of his characteristically inept nominations to fill a current vacancy on the five-man board (see page 10). The commission is bitterly divided, two to two, on the general idea of the Rizley bill. Instead of seizing the issue as a heaven-sent opportunity to dramatize the liberal side, Truman has sent up the name

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of a man, Burton N. Behling, whose past utterances indicate that either he is on the wrong side or doesn't know what it's all about.

Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming will probably oppose Behling's confirmation. A lot of people in Washington seem to think that O'Mahoney would make a nice Democratic presidential candidate.

Notes. The GOP will push the anti-poll-tax and anti-lynching bills to get Negro votes and to divide the Democrats. . . . The essence of *Jim Farley's Story: The Roosevelt Years* is a single charge: "FDR promised Farley he wouldn't run for a third term—and ran"; the other side of the case, naturally enough, isn't offered. . . . It can be said authonitatively that Russia's chief political representative in Germany initiated and carried through a long talk with Ambassador Robert D. Murphy covering the whole range of US-USSR problems.

Steel's six. Half a dozen men control the policies of America's basic, titanic steel industry. Ten steel companies control 90 percent of the whole industry's assets; dominant US Steel has 40 percent and is two and one-half times bigger than its closest rival, Bethlehem, which, in turn, is twice as big as the third, Republic. . . . The Dewey forces expect victories in the first three primaries—New Hampshire, Wisconsin and Oregon; they will try to make it appear a bandwagon movement.

America's irresponsible legislative system now permits a single Representative, Chairman Allen (R, Ill.), of the House Rules Committee (with the connivance of other GOP leaders), to block the vote on UMT by bottling it up in committee; like the bill or not, this violates democracy. . . . Another slick trick is Virginia Governor Tuck's, so to manipulate the archaic electoral-college procedure as to take from state voters the right to name the presidential candidate they support; they can only designate the party, not the candidate.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 10, ISSUE 1736, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 8, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

BAD WEEK

Every reader of headlines agreed that it was a bad week. Czechoslovakia was bad, with its ominous overtones for the future. The rocky road to Palestine partition through the UN was bad, as people everywhere wondered whether the UN itself would now go the way of the League. The long-secret agreement to give a thousand fighting planes to Chiang Kai-shek was bad, for painfully obvious reasons. Secretary Marshall's plea for more money to be given to Greece and Turkey, "Operation Rathole," was bad, as a confession of failure up to now and a promise of more failure to come.

Those who anxiously scanned the headlines for something to offset the gloomy tidings found extremely thin fare. Frank ("Spec") Shea had signed again with the Yankees, and the price of butter went down. It was not enough.

FALLING BAROMETER

WASHINGTON (NR correspondent)

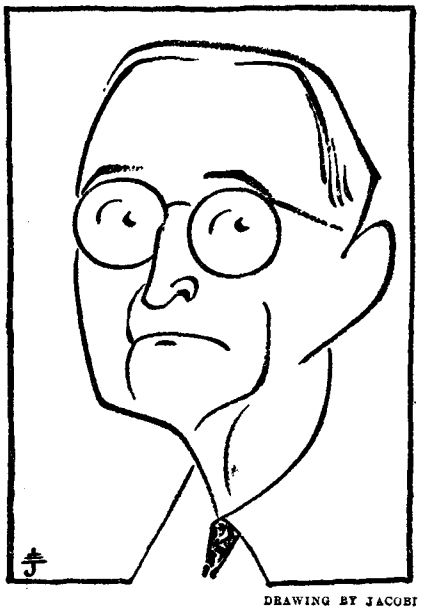
The political barometer at Democratic headquarters has fallen so rapidly since the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner that it now stands dangerously close to the storm-warning area. Two weeks ago there was a flourishing crop of vice-presidential aspirants on the Democratic side. Today you can cover miles of Capitol corridors without finding a single shy candidate for second place on the Truman ticket.

"What's happened in the last two weeks?" one puzzled Senator asked. "Everything is changed. Everyone believes we're going to get licked."

A canvass last week of the top Democratic leadership in the two Houses and representative state chairmen, national committeemen and committeewomen turned up no one who thought Harry could win.

What caused the decline in faith in Harry? Some said it was his poor performance in his party-celebration speech that did it—coming right on top of Henry Wallace's Bronx victory and the mounting Southern troubles. Others said not even all that would have set off this psychological slump unless there were a secret conviction in most Democratic hearts that the Truman cause had always been doomed to failure.

If not Harry? Whatever the case, a few top Democrats are actually thinking of doing something about replacing Truman as the party candidate. The first name that pops up when they discuss the question is still that of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. His statement certainly removed him from the Republican picture, but, the Democrats ask, must that close the door on us, too?



DRAWING BY JACOBI

For the liberal-minded ones, there is Bill Douglas. Though he definitely removed himself as a possibility for Vice President with Truman some time ago, some of his friends feel the Justice would not refuse the number-one position if it were available under proper conditions. Of course, his views on civil liberties are even less acceptable to "white supremacy" Southerners than Truman's. So those who support him think he has a chance only if the Southern revolt comes off.

At this point, we enter the field of what sounds like pure fantasy. For example, it is suggested that if a fourth party, the anti-Truman Southern Democrats, took the field, an attempt should be made to persuade Henry Wallace to give up his candidacy in favor of an amalgamation with the Northern liberal Democrats behind Douglas. Alternatively, there is a Southern scheme to force the nomination of an acceptable compromise between Truman and the present anti-Truman forces, in the person of James F. Byrnes. While all this may appear highly unrealistic, it is so serious that many important Democrats are determined to tell President Truman, at the earliest possible moment, how bad things look. Up to now, he remains undismayed. The last words Washington heard him say as he took off for vacation were, "I'm just as happy as I can be."

"JUST CHECKING"

With their accustomed air of mystery, pairs of FBI agents sauntered into New York City offices of more than 30 left-wing CIO locals last week. They had a number of casual questions to ask about union contributions to 1946 political campaigns, and also current

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activities. The Hatch Campaign Expenditures Act was mentioned. Then the cryptic G-men sauntered out again.

Since the Department of Justice had already completed one check of the CIO's 1946 political-campaign expenditures, Secretary-Treasurer Saul Mills of the Greater New York CIO Council decided something new was in the wind. He told reporters that it looked as though the FBI visits "were calculated to intimidate and harass unions and union members who have indicated their support for Henry A. Wallace for President." Mills then reeled off a list of a dozen or so locals favorable to the Wallace candidacy whose officials had been questioned by the agents. (See Wallace article, page 11.)

Made It

PRACTICALLY ALL California political leaders this week conceded that the Independent Progressive Party (third party) would be on the ballot in November.

The new party finished the most momentous petition campaign in the state's history by filing 486,000 signatures of registered voters. Needing 276,000 names to qualify, according to the stringent election laws of California, the IPP's 10,000 volunteer petition circulators rolled up almost twice the number, which had been considered "impossible."

A majority of the signatures, 275,000, came from Los Angeles County, within which almost one of every four registered voters signed for Henry Wallace.

DOWN THE RATHOLE

President Truman's quarterly report on US aid to Greece and Turkey (the *NR*, February 23) made it quite clear that the original high purpose of helping the Greek people to get back on their feet had degenerated into an ineffective military operation with no end in sight. When Secretary Marshall the other day asked Congress for more money for Greece and Turkey, he made little attempt to disguise the "Operation Rathole" nature of the venture.

Marshall's presentation, a brief letter to Senator Vandenberg, President of the Senate, and Representative Martin, Speaker of the House, was quite a contrast to the crisis-atmosphere joint session of Congress to which the President proposed the original plan last year. Open military support to anyone engaged in killing Communists anywhere is no longer a shocker on Capitol Hill. The Secretary spoke in frank terms of the "lines of supply" from the US to the Greek army. He claimed no more for the Truman Doctrine to date than that it had "contained" Russian-backed forces. All he offered for the future was a dogged belief that we could outlast Russia with more of the same.

The $275 million for which Marshall asked will not be apportioned to Greece and Turkey in advance, but will be doled out where and as needed. Whatever share goes to Greece is for a negative purpose: to prevent the establishment of "the dictatorship of a foreign-inspired minority" until the present Greek government can "stand its own ground without outside aid." Actual power in Greece today is in the hands of a tiny minority of arch-reactionaries and millionaires, and they are certainly "foreign-inspired." They will never "stand their own ground" except as part of a fascist type of dictatorship. Thus the US's moral outlook in Greece seems as precarious as the military one, and as dreary as the outlook of the Greek people for real democracy and prosperity.

NO BEDS FOR NEGROES

LOS ANGELES (NR correspondent)

Keep out. There are 22 hospitals in Los Angeles, but when one of the city's 160,000 Negroes gets sick, there is usually only one thing he can do: lie down until he recovers or until he dies. If he is lucky, he may gain admission to the County General Hospital, reserved for charity patients. But he can make the rounds of the other 21 institutions of mercy and never get anywhere, because these are Jim Crow hospitals.

County General is the only hospital in Los Angeles which allows Negro physicians to serve on its staff—it has two—and it is the only one which will admit Negroes. The other hospitals bar Negroes from their staffs, and the white doctors for the most part refuse to treat Negroes. Since they must consent to do so before a Negro patient is admitted, the effect is to bar the doors against the Negro race.

The results of Jim Crow medicine in Los Angeles have been disastrous. In certain Negro sections, the tubercular rate is 400 percent higher than in comparable white districts. In the main Negro section, deaths per 100,000 population from tuberculosis were 142.8, whereas in a typical white area, the incidence was 36.8.

Twin errors. Los Angeles authorities have not only, by condoning a Jim Crow hospital policy, refrained from taking effective steps to provide medical care for Negroes, but they have also been apathetic in attacking the causes of sickness in the Negro sections. Segregation of Negroes into crowded, unsanitary slum areas has built up reservoirs of disease which spill over into the rest of the city.

The only real step forward has been taken by a non-sectarian, non-profit interracial organization of professional people who are planning construction of West View Hospital, which will contain 50 beds. When this institution begins operation, it will admit patients without regard to race, creed or color, and its staff will include both white and Negro doctors.

But 50 beds is small potatoes in view of what is needed. James Hamilton, former president of the American Hospital Association, says that the city must have 10,000. And even then, these beds will be no use to Negroes until Los Angeles cures itself of its Jim Crow complex.

FAKE RENT CONTROL

A congressman received a telephone call a few days ago from a constituent some 2,000 miles away who wanted to know: "Is or isn't there any rent control? Will the landlord be able to raise my rent this month? Am I likely to be evicted? If so, do I have to take the

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case to court or will the government do it for me?"

The congressman couldn't answer any of his constituent's questions. Instead, he mailed him a copy of the bill just passed by the Senate to extend rent controls for another 14 months. The tenant will find little comfort in the Senate bill. If his landlord did raise the rent within the next 14 months (which would violate the law), he would only be subject to a civil damage suit.

The Senate knocked out a clause providing criminal penalties up to a $1,000 fine and one year in jail for landlords guilty of a violation. If the tenant is renting a furnished room in a private home (as many college students, veterans and others do), the landlord can raise the rent as high as he likes. The Federal Housing Expediter no longer has power to file damage suits for rent violations.

The House has even nastier plans for the tenant. Representative Jesse P. Wolcott (R, Mich.), chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, is now working on a rent bill. He hopes to get through a law to allow a straight 10-to-20-percent hike in all rents, exempt from any control rooms and apartments not now rented, and give local boards (usually run by real-estate men) complete autonomy over enforcement of the law.

Unless members of the House are able to amend such a bill when it comes to the floor, rent "decontrol" will be the law next year.

LONG AND TALMADGE

Return of the Long and Talmadge machines to power has given a new boost to the Southern Governors' efforts to rule or wreck the National Democratic Party. Earl K. Long, brother of "The Kingfish," and Herman Talmadge, son of Eugene, have gained legal control of the Democratic Parties in Louisiana and Georgia.

Earl Long, not so effective an orator as his brother but just as ambitious, was chosen as the next Governor of Louisiana in a runoff primary with Sam Houston Jones. Jones had defeated him in the 1940 race, so the victory a few days ago ended Long's eighth politically lean year. He managed to weather attacks connecting him with the "Louisiana Scandals" which sent Governor Richard Leche and several other political bosses to prison in 1939.

In Georgia, young Herman Talmadge won legal control over the state's Democratic machinery when the Georgia Supreme Court voted unanimously to vest party power in the Talmadge faction. This ended ten months of contest and confusion and probably ended also the political career of Governor M. E. Thompson. The Thompson group, which has been tacitly recognized by national Democratic officials, was declared to be without any official standing. Each of the groups had held its own convention and branded the other as "rump Democrats" and "bolters."

Uninstructed. Another important development has just come in Virginia. Its Governor, William M. Tuck, has requested the state legislature to rewrite the law to permit selection of uninstructed presidential electors. At the same time, he asked Virginia's General Assembly to pass a bill that would remove the names of candidates for President and Vice President from ballots in that state. The law would put only party labels on the ballots and would bar the name of any party unless it had been listed in the last presidential election, or unless its candidates polled 10 percent of the vote at some general election within the last five years.

Such a law would knock out Henry Wallace's third party, as well as any move by Truman to enter Virginia's election with some new modification of the Democratic Party label. The Mississippi and South Carolina state legislatures, the only other two in the South meeting this year, are expected to follow Virginia's lead in freeing their electors to oppose Truman if and when the time comes.

HOLLYWOOD QUICKIE

LOS ANGELES (NR correspondent)

Looking much like a road-show company of the Thomas committee, California State Senator Jack B. Tenney and his troupe—the Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities—descended on Los Angeles last week for a "quickie" four-day engagement.

The performance had all the trappings of the Washington spectacle. It came complete with Hollywood glamor, a "mystery witness" (who remained a mystery after it was all over), a Roosevelt smear and threatened contempt citations.

First came the verdict. Fifty-one or-

Six Lives Saved

PORTLAND, ORE. (NR correspondent)

BECAUSE of the generosity of West Coast labor-union members, six young Spanish stowaways who arrived in the US last October will not have to return to Spain and a Franco firing squad (the *NR*, January 12). The refugees, former members of the Spanish underground, will be released from a government detention camp in Portland next month to go to Venezuela.

Agreement of the Venezuelan embassy in Washington, D. C., to supply the detainees with visas ends a five-month campaign by labor to prevent extradition of the men to Spain. Their fares to Venezuela will be paid for from a $4,000 fund contributed by sympathizers all over the US.

Planes to China

GOP CONGRESSMEN who don't like the non-military character of the proposed $570 million China loan learned a wartime secret last week. Air Secretary W. Stuart Symington informed them that in 1945 the US secretly agreed to supply Chiang with 1,071 warplanes, worth $300 million—enough to make China's air force equal to that of Spain or Turkey.

Already 936 of the planes have been delivered, Symington said. But his disclosure, intended to reassure the Republicans that President Truman is doing all right by Chiang, produced some consternation as well. It made it all the harder for some Senators to figure out how Chiang could be getting licked so badly by a gang of guerrillas.

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ganizations, including the Committee for the First Amendment, which avowedly excludes Communists, and many groups long extinct, were pronounced "Communist fronts." Afterwards came the "investigation" of the groups already branded. Guilt by association "proved" the "findings" previously announced.

Prominent among those subpoenaed were four executive-board members of the Actors' Laboratory Theater, a drama school and production company of high professional standing in Hollywood. The four were actress Rose Hobart and veteran character actors J. Edward Bromberg, Roman Bohnen and Will Lee.

Before calling the four to the stand, Committee Counsel Richard E. Combs read into the record the names of every known national, state and local Communist official. Having allowed that to sink in, Combs then proceeded to refer to one Jacobina Caro Davison, posture instructor at the Actors' Lab, as being the wife of alleged-Communist Sidney Davison, director of the People's Educational Center, a Hollywood school which is also on the Tenney list. Actors' Lab board members Bromberg and Bohnen were alleged to have "taught" at the Center. Actor Will Lee, moreover, was claimed to have inserted a greetings advertisement in a local Communist publication under the pseudonym of William Lee.

Tenney's contention was that any connection between the Actors' Lab and the Center proved the Lab to be a "Marxist training center for actors," and, conversely, any association between the Center and the Lab showed that the Center was a "Red front." Will Lee denied inserting the ad, and testified that he was appearing in the East at the time of its publication. He pointed out to Tenney the fact that there are 42 other William Lees in the telephone directory, and suggested them as equally likely prospects. Bohnen said he did indeed deliver a lecture on the theory of acting at the People's Educational Center in 1941; Bromberg denied ever having done so. Jacobina Caro, as was not revealed, had divorced Davison seven years ago.

FDR smear. The Roosevelt smear was provided by giving wide publicity to a statement of University of California President Robert Gordon Sproul that he was host to the 1943 Writers' Congress "at the direct request of President Roosevelt." The statement had been issued, Tenney explained, "after our committee had informed Dr. Sproul that the odor of the Hollywood Writers' Mobilization [sponsors of the congress] was not that of violets."

On the last day of testimony, Federal Judge Leon R. Yankwich, previously charged with having been a "lecturer" at the People's Educational Center, demanded the witness stand. When sworn in, the Judge filed a copy of the lecture he had delivered at the Center, originally prepared for the

(Continued on page 10)

Stalling on Palestine

MEMBERS of the UN Security Council—the US in particular—are still discussing the partition of Palestine in measured phrases. But beneath the diplomatic amenities lies the Council's realization that the Palestine impasse may be slowly putting an end to the United Nations as an effective international organization.

For reasons of morale, most UN delegates are keeping their deep pessimism to themselves. They know, however, that unless the UN takes rapid, decisive action to enforce the partition recommendation, it will lose what semblance of authority it now possesses.

If partition fails through lack of enforcement, the responsibility for failure will lie largely with the US. This country, with its great prestige, can either force implementation of partition through the Security Council or compel it to be dropped.

Results of inaction. US Delegate Warren R. Austin indicates that the US, by following a policy of inaction, will bring the second result: it will vote for implementation, but will exert no pressure on other members to do likewise.

This policy of procrastination is apparently based on the hope that during a protracted investigation, partition will wither away. Austin knows that delay can be fatal, especially in view of the fact that Britain will begin to withdraw her troops on May 15, leaving the problem in UN hands.

There is very little doubt as to the identity of the pressures which are determining the course of United States policy in the Security Council. Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal and the State Department's Loy Henderson, director of the Division of Near Eastern and African Affairs, have served notice that they will oppose creation of an armed body to enforce partition. Their primary purpose seems to be to keep friendly relations with Arab states which control the huge Middle East oil reserves, even if such appeasement means dropping partition.

It's up to us. If the US decided to reverse its stalling policy, it would need only to persuade any one of the three powers, China, Colombia or Argentina, to change from abstention to support of implementation. So far, the Council has six of the seven necessary votes to set up an international police force for Palestine—the US, the USSR, France, Canada, Belgium and the Ukraine. China, with her heavy reliance on US financial aid, could probably be persuaded to join the majority.

But, as things look now, the US is apparently set to relax on the side lines after casting its own vote. And the UN will go down to its first, and perhaps last, crucial defeat.

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"The Palestine problem has been and is the deep concern of this government. It has been given the most careful consideration by me, the cabinet, and other responsible government officials."

President Truman as quoted in the New York Herald Tribune *of February 25, 1948*

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A Smell of Oil

by Robert S. Allen

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is quietly and effectively transforming the Federal Power Commission from a regulatory agency into a mouthpiece for the oil and natural-gas industries. His nomination of Burton N. Behling as an FPC commissioner has the odor of crude petroleum.

Behling, who calls himself an independent, owes his selection to the combined efforts of California oilman Ed Pauley, former Governor Robert S. Kerr (Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc.) of Oklahoma, and former Michigan Senator Prentiss M. Brown (head of a Detroit light and power company). Behling is also closely identified with the views of the commission's chairman, Nelson Lee Smith, who rarely expresses opinions unfavorable to the oil and utilities interests.

Behling's nomination is the latest episode in the Truman regulation-wrecking spree which has already ousted James M. Landis as Civil Aeronautics Board chairman, and Marriner S. Eccles as head of the Federal Reserve Board. Consequently there has been little surprise in Washington.

The confirmation of Behling—he would replace retiring Commissioner Richard Sachse—will assure the oil interests of a sympathetic majority in the five-man commission. Behling will undoubtedly support the regulation-scuttling legislation the oil companies are trying to jam through Congress.

Carefully echoing Chairman Smith and Commissioner Harrington Wimberly, Behling has already gone on record as favoring the notorious Rizley-Moore bill (the *NR*, February 23), which would legalize upward revision (on a basis of the "fair-field-price" formula) of natural-gas rates, now being held to a cost-of-production level by the government.

The additional cost per year of such a rate boost to natural-gas consumers in the Colorado-to-New York area alone would be $56 million. And that isn't all. Phillips Petroleum has a gigantic stake in the establishment of field prices as part of the rate base. Commissioner Leland Olds, who has written his own separate report on the gas investigation, estimates the value of Phillips' gas reserves at $389 million if field prices are five cents per thousand cubic feet. If the price goes up to 10 cents, Olds points out that the value of Phillips' property will be increased accordingly.

Welcome addition. Ex-Senator Brown and former Governor Kerr are connected financially with a pipeline project several phases of which are awaiting final FPC approval. Since the present commission is split two to two on the matter, and a rival pipeline is challenging the whole proceeding in the courts, it would be very nice, naturally, to have an agreeable fellow appointed to break the deadlock. Behling, for instance.

Both politically and financially, the pipeline companies are doing pretty well, and with Behling's added help they hope to do even better. Under prevailing cost-of-production price levels, for example, the Interstate Natural Gas Company earned 15.9 percent on its invested capital from 1939 to 1946. Colorado Interstate Gas Company collected 15.1 percent. And eight other natural-gas pipeline companies are on the list of the top 20 big money-making US corporations.

If Behling is confirmed and the Rizley-Moore "fair-field-price" formula goes through, the 1948 profits of these pipeline companies should zoom into the wild blue yonder.

Newman Club, a Catholic group, and declared that "I will give the benefit of my knowledge to any group" be it white, Negro, Jewish, Catholic, Communist, Anarchist "or anything else." Asked if he would talk before the German-American Bund, the Judge turned to face Tenney and brought down the house with his reply: "Yes, on my own terms. I'll even talk to you!"

A day later the Tenney troupe folded camp and left town just as the Freedom Train pulled in.

FOOTNOTE TO A PURGE

Representative Karl Stefan (R, Nebr.), as chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on the State Department, was able to get access to files of last year's notorious loyalty purge. And last week, 12 typical cases were spread on the record at hearings. Hamilton Robinson, director of the State Department's Office of Control, was closely questioned about his methods. Only the names of the suspects were withheld.

A reading of the 12 reports shows that case after case was based *solely* on such items as membership in the Americans for Democratic Action, "his wife belongs to the League of Women Shoppers," he "studied under Harold Laski," he once said, "Henry Wallace is the outstanding symbol of American democracy." Equally damning was membership in the American Veterans' Committee, membership in the American Civil Liberties Union, participation in the US trade-union delegation to Soviet Russia (1927), unfavorable mention by Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, Victor Kravchenko and a Roman Catholic priest in Italy, association with an official of the PAC, being "too vigorous in her beliefs," and so on.

In fairness to the department it should be said that most of the people accused only of such silly things were not dismissed, and that what looks on the face of it at least to be a reasonably fair trial procedure is now in force within the department. The criticism leveled last year at the department's star-chamber proceedings was evidently effective.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Old-Fashioned Americanism

THE BIGGEST ISSUE in the 1948 campaign is a return to old-fashioned Americanism.

By old-fashioned Americanism I mean the right to express an opinion without fear of losing your job, your citizenship, or your business.

By old-fashioned Americanism I mean the spirit of Irish-born congressman Matthew Lyon of Vermont, who, in 1798, said just what he thought of John Adams, even though he was jailed for it. It was Matthew Lyon in jail in 1798 who prepared the way for Thomas Jefferson and the destruction of the Federalist Party.

The un-Americanism of the Federalist Party in 1798 is expressing itself in the US today to frighten millions of American citizens. Headquarters for this un-Americanism are the Department of Justice, the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives, and businessmen who use economic compulsion to interfere with the free expression of political views by employees and business associates.

As I have traveled back and forth across the country I have been told many instances of violation of the spirit of the First Amendment. Young men have been fired because an employer saw them wearing a Wallace button. Hundreds of businessmen have given anonymously to our cause because they feared they would be discriminated against by their associates if their names were known. Stealthily, over the United States black fear is creeping. So far it doesn't shoot people. Its method is to stifle every progressive thought by subtle terrorism.

The two divisions of the Department of Justice which spread this terror most insidiously are the FBI and the Immigration and Naturalization Service. A foreigner (this is an actual case) applies for his final papers. He is highly educated and progressive, a church member, certainly not a Communist. One of the questions asked by the naturalization officials to this particular man is, "Do you know Henry Wallace?" He had hoped to work for me in the campaign. He has not yet got his papers, though he thinks he will get them. But will he work for Wallace?

He will not. He will be afraid of endangering his citizenship. He knows what is happening to foreign-born labor leaders. So he will lie low and vote for me, but his truly great talents will not be used in the campaign. The creeping terror has stifled his creative abilities with fear. That is what the government of the United States has done.

This man will never make an issue of it, nor do I want to embarrass him. But I do want to start an informal Freedom League. I want everyone who has a specific instance of how the federal government or businessmen have abridged our freedom to write in to the Freedom League at Room 1405, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York 17. Give the name of the man who put pressure on you or who asked an un-American question.

Did the investigator ask whether you read the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, *PM* or *Reader's Scope*? Did he ask if you knew Henry Wallace or Glen Taylor or Jo Davidson or Albert Einstein? What other questions were asked designed to make you feel like a criminal if you entertained a progressive idea or knew a progressive American? We shall not use your name without your permission. If you feel it is really necessary, don't even sign your name when you send us the information.

Many minorities have had to band together to protect themselves against unjust attack. The Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith is an outstanding example of such an organization. The time has come for those of us who believe in old-fashioned Americanism to fight back. The first step is to get the names of the men in the government who have been using unfair methods of investigation. If you write to us without signing your name, please be sure to describe just what the unfair methods were, and give all details.

It is my contention that the Department of Justice has no more right to ask prospective citizens if they read the *New Republic* than if they read *Business Week*.

It is no more just to imply that the *New Republic* is subversive than to imply that *Business Week* is subversive. When investigators spread fear and terror among those who are working politically to overthrow the present Administration by votes, government is stepping outside of its constitutional functions. We shall oppose such extra-constitutional functioning by using old-fashioned American methods.

The Freedom League must also prepare to expose businessmen who employ economic coercion to control the political activity of employees. It is true that the best work on behalf of unprotected minorities is often done quietly; in some cases publicity defeats the purpose of justice. Future developments, and the response to this article, will determine the extent to which we shall work publicly or shall exert our pressure quietly and behind the scenes.

We have heard a lot of talk about the Freedom Train, with its precious documents from the past. How about making freedom live?

Henry A Wallace

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WHAT HAPPENED IN PRAGUE

EVENTS in Czechoslovakia are casting a long, momentous shadow over the world. The precise balance of forces that will emerge in the reorganized Communist-controlled government is not yet clear. But while the conservative US press has jumped hastily—too hastily—to the conclusion that all the traditional Czech democratic principles have been sunk without trace, the opposite view—that this is not in the full sense a Communist coup—seems supported by little more than wish fulfilment.

In any event, it is certain that the new situation will have profound consequences not only in Czechoslovakia but internationally. Already, the change-over has intensified the cold war between the US and the USSR. It has stirred up forces that will increase domestic turmoil in France and Italy. And it has sharpened the world's ears for such reports as the one that Marshal Stalin's "request" for a new pact with Finland cloaks a demand for a new relationship that would make Finland almost completely a Soviet satellite.

From the long view the basic question—as yet unanswerable—is whether the Communist move in Czechoslovakia was made from strength or from weakness. There seems some ground for the belief that the Soviet timetable has been changed, that Moscow's tempo has been stepped up.

Soviet motive? One interpretation is that the Soviets, gaining power, are boldly setting the stage for the final issue of peace or war.

The opposite interpretation is that the Communists chose high-pressure tactics in Prague because the opposition in Czechoslovakia was gaining ground, because there was fear that in a free election the Communist Party would lose its status as the largest single political entity.

Those who hold the second view say both the Czech coup and the reported Finnish move are efforts to strengthen Soviet bastions against the West precisely because communism is losing ground in the West. They are retreats, shortenings of the political front in anticipation of defeats at the polls in Italy and France.

The advent of the Communists to power in Czechoslovakia required a short time and seemed to be accomplished with relative ease. But the parliamentary forms it took were different from those in Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary.

The Czech Communists, as their brethren always do, went through their usual maneuvers of "people's demonstrations," attempted purges, armed street patrols, strike threats and talking of foreign plotting. But Czech democrats, remembering Munich and the Nazi occupation, put up a fight to save civil liberties.

How it began. The crisis began February 13 when the four non-Communist parties in the coalition government demanded that the Communist Minister of the Interior stop packing the Prague police force with party henchmen. At the same time the National Socialist newspaper, *Svobodne Slovo,* called for a non-party cabinet and "a government of experts" to run the elections. President Benes, recognizing the anti-democratic substance of this project, rejected it.

The next step was the resignation of the National Socialist, Catholic and Slovak Democrat ministers, leaving the government in the hands of the Communists and a badly split Socialist Party. The pro-West Socialists wanted the Socialist ministers to stop coöperating with the Communists ,but such pro-East party leaders as former Premier Zdenek Fierlinger announced the death of the "national front" of five parties and called ambiguously for the creation of a new front "from below."

On February 21, workers' delegations demanded that Benes accept the resignations of the ministers. The next day delegates from the Trades Unions Congress, supporting this request, accused the old coalition of obstructing socialization. In a struggle for power within the Socialist Party, Fierlinger defeated the more conservative elements, winning control for those willing to coöperate with the Communists.

Moving fast. Then Communist "action committees" began occupying ministries, seizing government offices in provincial cities as well as Prague. But unlike developments in other countries behind the Iron Curtain, the Communists had the support on these committees, it is reported, of members of other parties, trade unionists, farm and religious-group representatives.

At this point the story becomes unclear, and one of the keys to it—Benes' real attitude—is still missing as we go to press. Those who believe Czech democracy is dead point to the fact that Premier Klement Gottwald remains in power with the all-important Justice portfolio added to those of the Interior, Police and Information.

Those who take the opposite view call attention to the fact that at least in name and form the government remains a five-party coalition, theoretically responsible to Parliament. They say Benes would not have remained in office if a full-blown police state were being created.

When Benes inducted Gottwald into office a few days ago, he spoke of a "new form of democracy" taking shape and hoped its results would be "favorable for all." But there are reports that the opinions he expressed

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privately were quite different. The new "democracy" involves the role of the "action committees," and it is too soon to judge how democratic a parliamentary regime which is at their mercy can be.

Fear of Germany. Two facts are important: The Czechs fear a revival of Germany as much as, if not more than, they do the Soviets; all Czech parties want socialism, differing only in means of attaining it.

Progress toward socialism, it is charged by those Czechs who are willing to give the "new form" a chance to prove itself, has been slowed in recent months by obstructionism of minority parties seeking to improve their positions. They want the opponents of further nationalization of industry to be muzzled, and see this as a primary goal of the "action committees."

On the international issues, these same persons maintain, many Czechs have come to fear that the Marshall Plan is giving priority to German rehabilitation, and hence threatening Czech security. Their alarm was heightened when US Ambassador Lawrence Steinhardt, returning to Prague after three months in the US, predicted that Czechoslovakia would soon be participating in the Marshall Plan, which is interpreted to mean helping rebuild Germany and challenging the Soviet Union.

The Soviets, this argument runs, have not only the power of proximity, but the prestige of having offered help to Prague after Munich, a fact few Czechs can ever forget.

Moreover, since the war, Washington and London have given Prague little help beyond UNRRA allotments. One $50 million loan and another large credit were negotiated by the US and then withdrawn, apparently for political reasons. The State Department is said to have forbidden Friendship Train gifts of food to Czechoslovakia, and many Czechs feel the department long ago wrote off their country as a dead loss.

Many Czechs are said to be disturbed because the US reaction to the recent events took the form of participation with Britain and France in a denunciatory statement. There was no encouragement to democratic forces, no offer to help them. These Czechs say if their democracy survives, it will be not with the help of the US but despite it.

Yet others appear to believe that if even shreds of democratic process and of civil liberties can survive in their country under the present and quickly developing circumstances, Czechoslovakia will be helping democracy everywhere. Already, they feel, their experience has had important international effects.

Warning to the West. The circumstances of the start of the Czech crisis contain an explicit warning to those middle-of-the-road democratic forces in France, Italy and elsewhere which are struggling to hold off totalitarianism of either the extreme Right or extreme Left. The demand of the Czech National Socialists for a non-party "caretaker" government of experts may have been—depending on the angle of vision—a justification or a pretext for the actions of the Communists. But, timed as it was, at a moment when the Communists were poised to exploit just such evidence of a "plot" allegedly fostered by "foreign reactionaries," it led to a serious setback for the Czech segment of "the third force."

There is no doubt that US public opinion has been alarmed by the events in Czechoslovakia. Those members of Congress who, in an election year, have been lukewarm to ERP because they represent isolationist areas may change their minds and their votes. So far as the form of ERP is concerned, it is likely that Senator Vandenberg and Representative Herter will profit. With Czechoslovakia more obviously within the Soviet sphere than before, the opposition to an ERP stressing the role of Germany may decrease. From the liberal viewpoint, this is the danger to be faced while every effort is made to get Congress to adopt a measure that will give Europe a chance to start on the road back to economic reconstruction.

DRAWN FOR NEW REPUBLIC BY H. C. DETJE

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DRAWING BY LYND WARD

REVOLT IN THE SOUTH

UNIVERSAL RESPECT FOR, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion." That's what we're committed to, by Article 55 of the Charter of the United Nations.

To carry out our international obligations, and to rid America of the economic wastage and the "moral dry rot" caused by prejudice, discrimination and violation of our civil liberties, the President's Committee on Civil Rights proposed that America move forward on three fronts, legislative executive and judicial, to secure our rights.

The committee proposed a broad program for civil rights. A part of this program was forwarded by President Truman to Congress, with recommendation for action during the 1948 session.

The President's program is national. It calls for home rule for the District of Columbia; statehood for Hawaii and Alaska; settlement of the claims of Japanese Americans on the West Coast; and enfranchisement of 100,000 Indians in New Mexico and Arizona.

But five key measures strike at conditions in the South which Thomas Sancton, in this issue, describes as unchanged since the days of John C. Calhoun. And, as Helen Fuller shows, Calhoun's 1948 counterparts are ready to break up the Democratic Party in order to stop these measures, which would guarantee protection against lynching, abolition of the poll tax, the prevention of discrimination in employment and in transportation, and the strengthening of the terms and the enforcement of existing civil-rights statutes.

CIVIL RIGHTS: The 1948 Objectives

These measures most Southern Democrats will fight by threats and filibusters. In the past, Republicans worked in an undercover alliance with Southern conservatives, paying lip-service to civil-rights legislation, nominally opposing the filibusters, always making certain that just enough Republicans would join the Southerners to defeat any motion for cloture that threatened to bring the legislation to a vote.

This time the Republican Policy Committee is firmly committed to passage of civil-rights legislation. If the Republicans and the Administration are in earnest, then in the four remaining months of this session Congress can pass the civil-rights program as well as ERP, a housing bill and other necessary legislation. The background, the nature and the prospects for the five measures follow.

"Lynching," says the President's committee, "is the ultimate threat by which his inferior status is driven home to the Negro. As a terrorist device it reinforces all the other disabilities placed upon him."

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Since the days when James Weldon Johnson began his fight on lynching in 1922, anti-lynching bills have been passed by the House and killed by filibuster in the Senate. The original measure was directed simply against officials who participated in lynchings. The new bill, introduced in the House by Republican Representative Clifford Case of New Jersey, and in the Senate by Wayne Morse and Robert F. Wagner, is directed against the lynchers. It derives its broader powers from Article 55 of the UN Charter and from the historic inability of the states to take action. This inability is confirmed by the President's committee.

The Case bill makes participation in a lynching a federal crime punishable by heavy prison terms and fines. There is hope that within a few weeks it will get to the floor of the House and be passed. It faces a filibuster in the Senate, where there are more than enough votes for cloture if the Republicans and Northern Democrats are firm. The Administration, doubtful of the constitutionality of the Case bill, may put in its own measure. There is real danger that Senator Taft, traditionally opposed to federal sanctions against individuals, may swing the Republicans behind the weak bill of Senator Hawkes of New Jersey, which simply strengthens the existing criminal code.

Among all nations, America, Portugal and Peru still have a poll tax. It was imposed in the South at the turn of this century to keep the Populists from voting. In the 1946 election, 33 percent of the voting population voted in the no-poll-tax states. Eight percent voted in four Southern states in which the poll tax had been repealed. The percentages in the seven poll-tax states were Alabama, six; Arkansas, eight; Mississippi, two; South Carolina, one; Tennessee, seven; Texas, five; Virginia, eight.

The anti-poll-tax bill is short and simple. It prohibits the collection of any tax as a prerequisite to voting in primary or general election for federal officials. This is the fifth such bill. The first died in a House committee; the second, third and fourth passed the House and were killed by filibuster in the Senate. On the fifth bill, passed in the House last July, the Senate Republicans have promised "early action." A filibuster is due, and the two-thirds vote for cloture should be easily won. The alliance with Southern conservatives is no longer as valuable to Republicans as in the days when they were struggling to stop the New Deal's reforms for the North. Passage of the anti-lynching and anti-poll-tax bills by the first Republican Congress since 1932 will make a strong record for 1948.

The FEPC hits hardest of all at segregation in the South. Unlike legislation against lynching and the poll tax, it attacks powerful interests in the North, including most corporations and some trade unions.

In wartime, the Fair Employment Practice Committee served as a clearing house for complaints, and offered mediation. In spite of having no enforcement powers and no recourse to the courts, it worked satisfactorily, and in June, 1946, died when Congress refused to renew its appropriation. But four states—New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut —established state FEPC's.

Based on the New York State law, Senator Ives's bill prohibits job discrimination by employers or unions. The commission it creates is directed to use conciliation first, then to issue orders to desist, enforceable by the courts. The Senate Labor Committee has approved the bill despite Taft's opposition. But in both Senate and House, opposition to any action in this session is strong. In the absence of pressure, the FEPC will be tabled this year.

Twenty of our states compel segregation in some form. Segregation on railroads was compulsory in 14 states and authorized in two states. The Supreme Court ruled that the enforcement of these laws was unconstitutional in cases affecting interstate commerce. Some state officials continue to enforce the laws. In all cases railroads and bus lines are free to segregate passengers on their own initiative.

"Congress," reported the President's committee, "has complete power under the Constitution to forbid all forms of segregation in interstate commerce. We believe it should make prompt use of it." The President has recommended action. One bill is already before a committee of the House. The Southern farmers are threatening a fight. There is time during this session to complete hearings and pass the bill. The Republicans are not committed to action.

A policeman beats up or kills a Negro suspect; a man is threatened with violence if he dares to vote; a sharecropper and his family are held in peonage; each year, for every Negro lynched, a hundred others have been in peril of their lives. Seven men in the Civil Rights Section of the Department of Justice are responsible for action on behalf of the US. They must work mainly with two post-Civil War statutes of the US Criminal Code which protect Americans from interference with their civil rights.

And, as the eight-percent vote in 1946 in Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and North Carolina showed, protection of the right to vote goes far beyond abolishing the poll tax. It includes guarantees that voting will be held in public places, free of intimidation and subterfuges such as literacy tests.

The President's committee called for the strengthening of the machinery for protecting civil rights and for the enactment of new statutes specifically directed against police brutality, peonage and any interference by public officers or private persons with the right to vote in federal primaries and elections. Measures in line with these recommendations have been proposed and can be passed during this session.

So, in four short months, 1948 can be made a great year for civil-rights legislation. And "the achievement of full civil rights in law," as the President's committee says, "may do as much to end prejudice as the end of prejudice may do to achieve full civil rights."

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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CIVIL RIGHTS SPLIT THE DEMOCRATS

by Helen Fuller

HARRY TRUMAN may go down in history as the President who reorganized the Democratic Party structure. There are Democrats and Republicans who think that the civil-rights question will be the determining factor if such a realignment occurs, and that Truman may inadvertently bring about the Southern "purge" Franklin Roosevelt did not live to accomplish.

The report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights is a revolutionary document. If its recommendations become reality, lynching, the poll tax and discrimination in employment and education would be barred by federal statute, and a new and stronger federal agency for the protection of individual liberties would be created. Franklin Roosevelt called for such reforms at one time or another, but never in such uncompromising terms or in language and manner so little designed to soften the blow for the Southern members of the Democratic Party.

The two Truman proposals which arouse the most violent opposition among the states'-righters of the South are: anti-Jim Crow bills (governing interstate travel, education and employment) and an expanded civil-rights organization in the Department of Justice to enforce federal laws.

Hobson's choice. President Truman now faces a dilemma: if he does not press the fight against discrimination, he will lose whatever chance he had of regaining the Negro and minority vote; if he takes strong action, he may lose a large part of the Southern electoral vote.

When the South, led by its Governors, raised loud objections to the civil-rights program, the Democratic National Committee at first took little notice. In past election years, Southerners have usually been content with headlines proclaiming their "revolt," followed by a brief period of pouting, before they quietly voted the straight ticket again on election day. This time the "revolt" has started months before convention time, and its leaders are not political unknowns, but the Democratic state organization leaders themselves.

Coming simultaneously with Henry Wallace's victory over the Flynn machine in the Bronx, the developments were most disquieting to the national Democratic leadership, and the Republicans' glee at their opportunity to turn the civil-rights issue to Democratic disadvantage also helped to plunge party headquarters into deep gloom.

Four Southern Governors, representing eleven states, came to Washington in an avowed attempt to force Democratic National Chairman J. Howard McGrath to repudiate the high-principled program laid down by President Truman. They quickly recruited 52 Southern Representatives to back them up in their fight against the National Committee. They then began to put the pressure on Chairman McGrath.

Uneasy peacemakers. Clearly the Democratic National Committee has no intention of throwing away its chance to win the Negro and minority vote by appearing to back down from the President's program. But at the same time, Chairman McGrath will not overlook any possibility of softening the Southerners' wrath.

Ever since the onset of the present revolt, enlightened Southerners like Senator John J. Sparkman (D, Ala.) have been going about the South trying to soothe tempers and reassure their fellow Democrats that a party platform agreeable to all will finally be worked out at Philadelphia. But certain Southern congressmen seem more concerned about their own influence than about the survival in power of the Democratic Party. After all, in past years the Republican-Southern Democrat congressional coalition has not been too uncomfortable an arrangement for the boys from Dixie.

Southern-bloc leaders are now privately trying to negotiate with the Republicans. These poll-tax statesmen, who still do not need to consider the wishes of their constituents, could and would withhold the electoral votes of five or six Southern states from Truman and the Democratic Party if the Republicans would make it worth their while. That is, if the Republicans would agree to allow the Southerners to filibuster to death key anti-white-supremacy legislation pending in this Congress.

The man who will decide whether to make such a deal is Robert A. Taft. He must decide whether he has more to gain by passing a series of civil-liberties measures, or by taking away 50 to 100 much needed electoral votes from Truman. The first would help Taft's chances of nomination. The second might clinch the election for the GOP in a close race.

Taft's associates in both houses of Congress state flatly that they have the Senator's word that he will pass an anti-lynch bill and an anti-poll-tax bill before this session adjourns. He has made no promises concerning the remainder of Truman's 10-point program. According to Senate rules, debate can be ended by only a two-thirds vote in favor of limiting discussion to one hour per member. There is no question that Senator Taft has the votes he needs to win cloture—and cloture would assure the passage of anti-lynching, anti-poll-tax and any other civil-liberties measures he desires.

To the hills! The thought of Taft's forcing through such politically potent legislation is keeping the Democratic chiefs awake nights. The Southerners might get over Truman's "insults" to the South if they were not repeated in the party platform for '48. But if the Administration openly supports Taft and helps to break the Southern filibuster, the Southerners will probably feel honor-bound to bolt the party. If the Administration ducks the cloture issue, Negro and minority leaders are not likely to support Truman. This is the dilemma that now haunts Chairman McGrath and his more politically farsighted colleagues.

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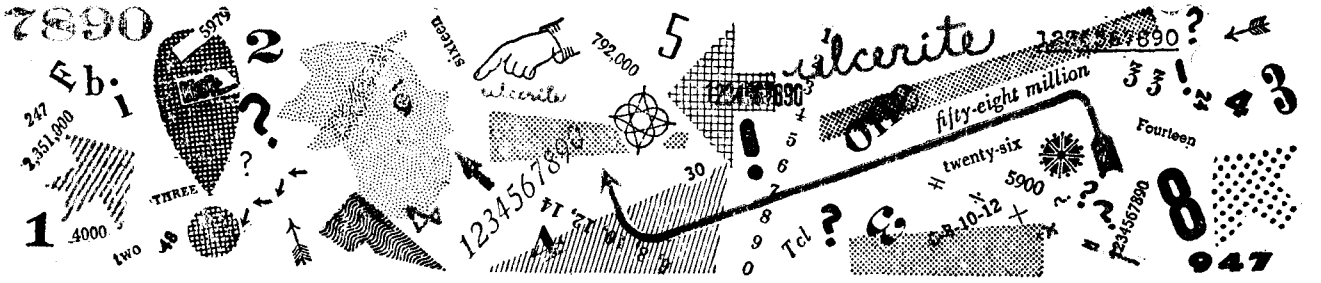

DRAWING BY GERTRUDE GOODRICH

Strategic Materials

A story by Irving Brant

THIS IS his office. . . . You want to know the population of the United States? The exact population? Why, we might be able to look it up. . . . Mr. Rushinsky . . . Dexter 2922. . . . Just hold the phone.

What is it?

That's funny, Lieutenant. Fellow named Rushinsky wants the exact population of the United States. That isn't restricted information, is it?

Of course not. My God, what do people think Naval Intelligence is for? Rushinsky, did you say? Look in the directory and see who he is.

Yes, sir . . . Rubinstein . . . Rutabago . . . Rushinsky . . . Ivan Rushinsky, works for the Duodenal Corporation of America.

Strategic materials. Hmm. Exact population. I don't see any connection. . . . Rushinsky . . . I think we'd better. . . . Give him the information, Ensign. Then turn his name in.

Mr. Rushinsky?

Yes. Won't you come in?

We are from the FBI. We just want some information—it's only a routine check-up.

Yes, sir.

Your name is Ivan Rushinsky?

Yes.

You work for the Duodenal Corporation of America?

Yes, I'm a foreman.

Making what?

Ulcerite.

Oh yes, quite a valuable war material. How is it used?

It is the fissioning agency in the catalysis of TCL.

TCL?

Tricotyledonous dolomite.

Oh yes, of course. A pretty powerful explosive, after TNT.

About like croton oil after prune juice.

Mr. Rushinsky, what was your father's name?

Ivan Rushinsky.

And your mother?

Maggie O'Doyle.

Well, you're half-American, anyway. Where was your father born?

Brooklyn. My mother in Australia.

Who was your grandfather?

I had two.

I mean your father's father.

Ivan Rushinsky.

Born where?

Brooklyn.

You are sure your father and grandfather were born in Brooklyn?

Why, yes. We call Brooklyn our woodlot. You know, the family tree grows in Brooklyn.

Where was your grandfather's father born?

I don't know.

In the United States?

I don't know. He was killed when my grandfather was five years old.

Killed, how?

In the Battle of Bull Run.

Oh.

I think he was born in Europe because he taught my grandfather a little song and it has come down in the family. The words are probably wrong, but it goes: "Ya mcm cunya, Vranee cunya, Tusso cunya me."

Russian, isn't it?

No, Bohemian. Something about a wild horse, my grandfather said.

What party do you belong to?

Well, I was a Republican until 1932, and I voted that way again in 1940. I didn't like this third-term idea. In '44 . . . well, you don't change horses right in the middle of a war.

Mr. Rushinsky, why are you interested in the population of America?

Because I am an American. Shouldn't everybody be?

I mean, why did you call the Naval office last Tuesday and ask to know the exact population?

How did you know that?

I just happened to be there. That isn't why I came here, of course.

Well, I made a bet with a guy that the last three digits of the population would add up to less than fifteen. We didn't have a *World Almanac* and this fellow had been in the Navy and thought it would bring him luck if we asked there.

You didn't believe in luck?

No, I was relying on the law of probabilities. You see, most people forget that ten isn't a digit. If you swing zero to the other end of the column there are six digits from five down, and only four the other way—

Well, we'll be going. Just forget about our visit. We're doing a check-up of all the key men making ulcerite, and you're absolutely in the clear.

Did you hear about Rushinsky? The FBI called on him last week.

The hell they did. How do you know?

He told me so himself. Just laughed about it. Said they were checking up on everybody in ulcerite.

The hell they are. They haven't checked on me.

Nor on me.

Rushinsky's all right. I'd trust him inside the office safe.

So would I. Funny little song he's always singing. Father must have picked it up in the old country.

Hear about Rushinsky?

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Yes. I don't believe it. That guy's all right.

Rushinsky. . . .

FBI. . . .

Rushinsky. . . .

FBI. . . .

Here, Mr. Jackson, I've picked out the best ten men in the plant. I had to take three out of ulcerite, though it's hard to spare them. Rushinsky . . .

Jim, I've been intending to speak to you about him. There's a lot of talk going around.

The FBI cleared him.

Yes, but cleared him of what? We don't even know. They must have had some reason for being suspicious. Where does he stand in the union?

Right wing.

Suppose he was planted. Isn't that just where he would go?

I know. I had a little hesitancy about this transfer.

Then don't make it. The Duodenal Corporation of America can't afford to take chances on national security.

Is Product X any more secret than ulcerite?

That's just what I was coming to. If we can't trust a man enough to transfer him, we can't trust him where he is. I want you to get rid of Rushinsky. Not for disloyalty, of course. And give him a good letter. We don't want to hurt him.

Sorry, Mr. Rushinsky, no openings.

Sorry, Rushinsky, you don't quite fit our needs.

Yes, they say you're a good man. But why did they let you out?

To put it plainly, Rushinsky, Old Man Jackson wouldn't fire a competent man unless he had some reason. Did the FBI ever investigate you?

Sorry, Rushinsky.

Sorry, Rushinsky.

Come right in, Mr. Rushinsky. . . . Just fill out this application while I fix up your card. . . . Ivan Rushinsky, born in Brooklyn, son of Ivan Rushinsky, born in Brooklyn, and Maggie O'Doyle, born in Australia. . . . Here's your card, Comrade Rushinsky. You can go right to work.

SLOWLY CRUMBLING LEVEES

Facing currents set up by the New Deal and the war, the Old South uses old fears and the "cold war" to fight civil rights for Negroes

by Thomas Sancton

THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH today, in every background, the emergence of a large class of serious-looking, neatly dressed, intelligent Negroes has become increasingly apparent.

Southern Negroes have eaten better food and lived a freer life during the war. A whole generation of Negro children has grown up in improved economic circumstances. The slovenly dress that not so many years back was the frequent result of wages of $2.50 or $3 a week for a woman cook, $1 a day for a laborer, has become a rare sight in the places where the average Southern white person sees the average Southern Negro.

The familiar rags and hand-me-downs, the scuffed, unlaced shoes, the improvised hats—these and many other significant details have largely vanished from the scene. The flagrant gaps between the races in matters of dress, health, social attitudes and economic opportunity have somewhat narrowed.

During the war many whites were frightened by this growing economic emancipation, and they managed to convince themselves that it was some sort of spontaneous Negro upheaval. But now that the war is over, the average white person, it seems to me, unconsciously approves the results. At the same time, the old, popular assumptions about Negro inferiority have less evidence to rest on. And as a consequence, I believe that Southern whites, if left to their individual thinking and initiative, would accept without much excitement the extension of the rights of American citizenship to Negroes.

Yet no group that holds great political and economic advantages is likely to sit by doing nothing while fundamental reforms are worked which are certain to challenge their control. The Southern influential classes are brilliant and ruthless at this business, and they have a repertory of methods that have been perfected through a century of intensive use. Their achievement in maintaining their position generation after generation is something of a political miracle. Eighty-five years after the Emancipation Proclamation, for example, Southern Negroes have still to achieve all of the basic political and economic rights, except release from actual slavery. Today the Southern leadership has set itself the task of trying to turn back the clock on the Negro's wartime and New Deal development.

The dead past. What is missing in Southern thinking generally—and perhaps it is missing in thinking all over the world—is an awareness of the extraordinary nature of the age we live in. It is possible today to discover in speeches in Southern legislatures, or even on the floor of Congress, basic ideas about race, economics, education, law courts, penology, etc., that can be found almost word for word in the speeches of John C. Calhoun and other politicians who fought out these primitive battles of American politics a hundred years ago.

In the current session of the Mississippi legislature, for example, a bill to revise a 140-year-old blue law in order to permit movies to be shown on Sundays between one and six in the afternoon was defeated. Not long ago a bill to abolish the lash in the state penitentiary was defeated. The lash statute describes in detail how a prisoner is to be whipped—laid over a table in such and such a manner, whipped with a six-foot strap of such

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and such a width (a strap known to prisoners and ex-prisoners all over the state as "Black Annie"). In most Southern states packs of well trained bloodhounds are still maintained, and every few weeks or so the dogs are sniffing and barking along the trail of some suspect or criminal, or innocent victim.

Such scenes as this illuminated and horrified the readers of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Whitman's slavery poems before the Civil War. As a matter of fact, one of the most universal experiences of Southern life, the spectacle of a neatly dressed individual automatically hanging back at the rear of a crowd, or standing hat in hand waiting to be noticed, or going through a special door marked for the lower caste, is an astonishing anachronism.

Last winter a very old woman was buried in a Mississippi churchyard not far from where I live. She was 96 years old, perhaps the last person alive who remembered in a clearheaded way the details and the abundant harsh realities of plantation life before the Civil War. I was fortunate enough to exchange letters with her in the last years of her life, and to read her fragmentary memories dictated to a relative.

She could have been termed a "progressive," certainly more progressive than politicians half her age who repine for past glories which she actually remembered with considerable irony. But the most dramatic aspect of her life—an aspect of which she was well aware—was the fact that it had spanned the most incredible technological age of history.

In her lifetime the science of microscopy had developed and the germ theory had given mankind its first idea of the nature and causes of illness. Chemistry, physics and astronomy had stripped aside the veil upon the mystery of matter; physics had passed from Newton to wave mechanics, and finally to Einstein and Hiroshima.

This old lady had actually seen the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and in her lifetime warfare had developed from the muzzle-loading cannon to the fourth-dimensional horrors that fill the press today. But over her 96 years, dominant Southern political leadership changed not at all. On the day she died, the fundamental principles of "white supremacy" politics were the same as on the day she was born.

A gap in time. This great abyss which has opened between the world of antiquated theories and the world as it is, is still the Devil's Cauldron where the old-time leadership is stewing up the old-time formula of race hate, militarism and states' rights. This brew has served to poison human sympathies and drug intelligence sufficiently in the past to set the Southern people, the majority of whom are almost as poor as the Negroes, against the very political and economic developments which would help them.

The dominant aspect of life in the South today is the blasting volume of propaganda which has been turned loose through newspapers, radio, politicians, "service" clubs, chambers of commerce, the person-to-person contacts of the barbershop and street corner. Its objective is to prevent economic and racial democracy from sweeping into the South, and to erect new psychological levees behind the legal ones that are crumbling.

I believe that if by some miracle the average white Southerner could be free to form his views of race relations out of the experiences of his own life, the race problem would quickly fade away. But the enforced servility of the Negro people—automatically holding at least as many poor whites in a degraded role—has been the brick and mortar from which the whole economy was

built. Therefore in the South no white man has the right not to fear the Negro. He is made to understand, from beyond the memories of childhood, that any suggestion of Negro humanity and worth is a threat against something called race purity. By the time he grows old enough to see that it is rather a threat to factory investments, to cotton profits, to cheap servant labor, he has lost the capacity to see it.

Other fundamental complications have also been at work. For twenty years or so he has been looking at the results of Negro poverty. When he reaches maturity, he can no longer distinguish the results of poverty from the causes. By this time life has made him an official and conforming "Southerner." He adheres to the religion of race purity in a deeper psychological process than he adheres to his actual religion, or to his belief in democracy. He, too, has made himself into a kind of mortar to keep old economic and political institutions stuck together.

If he is the average Southerner—I do not mean the average middle-class Southerner—he does not benefit from this economy. His income is low in comparison with that of other regions. His schools, his hospitals, his living standards are poorer. It could be demonstrated to him that an open political

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DRAWINGS BY GETZ

democracy for white and Negro, bi-racial unions, high minimum wages for both races, would create a producing and consuming South that would immeasurably improve his own lot. Every experience of his life, unemotionally interpreted, and particularly his contacts with Negroes, tends to teach him this. But his logic usually can be swept away by an opposition which evokes the race fears injected and reinjected since childhood.

First threat. The manner in which this psychological headlock has kept the common people of the South from sustained political action toward progressive ends finds classic illustration in the fate of the Populist movement which swept the South in the 1890's.

The Populist program (working in alliance with Western farmers in the new People's Party) struck out for broad social and economic reforms, such as federal crop warehouses and federal loans to free farmers from the exhausting mortgage rates of private bankers. For almost a decade this appeal drew Southern whites in great numbers from reactionary Democratic state machines. Even many planter spokesmen in Congress were forced for a time to liberalize their oratory and endorse Populist slogans. If the movement had held together, it would inevitably have created the political metamorphosis which the South has been so long awaiting. It might have created the most progressive statesmanship in America. The South is a region of obsolescent economic methods and of poor people. Certainly a leadership which truly reflected the needs of the great majority of Southerners would be at the opposite pole from the bitter, die-hard reaction which is the creed of Southern politicians today.

But feudalism has a dynamic capacity to perpetuate itself and to smother challenge. It did not take the controlling group long to find ways to get at the Populist movement with the race legend—the legend by which a generation earlier they had induced poor whites to fight four years for the perpetuation of slavery. The poor white farmers were told that a party which identified itself with and endorsed the needs of Negro farmers as indivisible from the needs of white farmers, would lift the Negro ultimately to political dominance and result in the mongrelization of the Southern white race.

Leaders of the white farmers who had begun their careers as impressive figures and with a genuine understanding of the dedication to Populist principles, began to alter subtly with the passing of time. Almost to the last man, their emphasis changed from progressive economic objectives to a malignant agitation of "the nigger issue" as a means of holding the political offices to which they had grown accustomed. Many of the old Populist leaders at the close of their careers were stalwarts of the Democratic machines they had once bucked. The careers of Ben Tillman of South Carolina, Tom Watson in Georgia, J. K. Vardaman in Mississippi followed this course. Senator Bilbo, who started his career as Vardaman's protégé, followed this identical pattern in his own day.

Second threat. The realities of world developments of the past 15 years have brought many stimulating influences into the South and into the thinking of many Southerners. Political reactionaries are now faced with increasing popular lethargy about the race question—even sympathy for extending citizenship to Negroes. This growing maturity on the part of many Southerners has combined with recent far-reaching Supreme Court decisions to present entrenched political and financial groups with a challenge as serious as—and ultimately far more serious than—the Populist movement.

The depression and the war boom brought federal agencies and government money into the South, reaching a flood tide during the war. This loosened the old economic pattern in which a small group had no money, and a large group sat by eager to work for $1.25 a day. The war also carried millions of Southerners, white and black, to other parts of the country and the world, to return with a broadened outlook.

Hundreds of Northern factories have moved southward—most of them primarily to exploit the surviving feudalistic advantages of the region—but organizers of a vigorous union movement, often bi-racial in principle, followed in their path. Supreme Court decisions, fair-employment directives, similar documents of page-one importance even in the South, have carried some fundamental facts and ideas about race relations even into the remotest counties.

Here and there college teachers, church women, even an occasional lawyer or businessman, discovered and absorbed the basic ideas of modern ethnology widely disseminated in wartime to counter Hitler's race propaganda. On the other side of the race line, the activities of the NAACP and the Negro press poured an unending stream of information through the post office from which Negro lawyers, teachers, businessmen and students built up a psychology of careful but inexorable effort through federal courts.

During the general turmoil of the war years, there was a sharp retrogression in race outlook among the whites. Propaganda of extreme viciousness swept the region; race-riot rumors flared occasionally in every big city; and many well meaning whites were stampeded back to racism. But many others—a smaller group—were only confirmed in their growing racial understanding by the senselessness and

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destructiveness of this wartime development. Peace brought a general moderation of the hysterical element. Stories of the mythical "Eleanor Clubs," of apocalyptic warnings reportedly muttered by Negroes on buses and in department stores, passed almost completely from the conversation of the middle class.

Cold, dark war. If war had been followed by a clean and general settlement, I believe that inevitable and long delayed civil-rights concessions to Negroes would have gone forward in the South rather quickly. But, instead, we have passed into the cold war with Russia. The psychological results of this conflict are already overwhelmingly evident in Southern life. There can be little doubt that these expedient results of militarism—the increased facility for steam-rolling and shouting down honest American and Democratic and constitutional developments—are not accidental by-products of a foreign policy but, so far as Southern politicians are concerned, a part of foreign policy.

Frightful images of "Russia," "Communism," "The Atom Bomb," are blasted at the Southern mind from every quarter. Every public utterance and every second editorial comes up with fresh warnings about the onslaught being prepared in the great, ominous world beyond the Mason-Dixon line against "white civilization." The threat seems to issue from Washington and the Democratic Party as much as it does from Moscow. Here and there a lone voice speaks up in protest; a weekly newspaper publishes a rational editorial; a preacher or a rabbi talks good sense.

On the whole, people in the street remain indifferent for a long time to the white-hot crusades of Governors, Senators and other embattled champions. But any issue, no matter how unrelated to the tranquil and humble realities of town life, eventually gives the citizen's mind its coloring when it is all his mind has to feed upon. And so this agitation has succeeded, in the case of great numbers of Southerners, in making a cruel amalgam of the Russian question and the race question, and has convinced many that the cure for "Democracy" and for keeping Negroes in their place, for high prices, for scarce housing, is a war with Russia, which is somehow causing all these difficulties.

In a barber shop not long ago I heard the radio news commentator say that "Russia is spending seven percent of her income on education while the United States is spending only one and a half percent for this purpose."

The men in the barber shop were welders, farmers, fishermen, clerks—men who ordinarily have a great respect for education, wanting it for their children, sensitive to their own lack. But even these innocuous statistics were received with agitation, as though the item discussed was poison gas or the atom bomb instead of education.

Hope in the South. The quest of civil liberties in the South—like every other question, and perhaps the very existence of a habitable planet—lies under the shadow of the atom bomb and the future. If it were unrelated to this stupendous element, its development might be fairly predictable. I have seen Negroes standing in line to vote in Mississippi and not a man in the crowd seemed upset by the fact or even overly conscious of it. Some troublemaker might have set off upon a harangue and changed the mood. But in the face of increasingly forthright Supreme Court decisions and Department of Justice commitments to enforce them, harangues at the polls are becoming rarer.

The whole civil-rights program hangs upon the right to vote. Once that right is established, politicians will adjust to it, as they are adjusting in places where it has been won. And by adjustment I mean the cessation of malignant and irrelevant agitation of an emotional question which is utterly remote from the economic and political needs of Southern people. In the old days many of the "aristocrats" in Congress adjusted for a time to the Populist program. But they did not stay adjusted. This time, by the grace

of Supreme Court rulings which stick, they will eventually adjust or return to private life.

There is a final point that must be touched on in any discussion of civil rights, though theoretically it is irrelevant. And that is the question of social equality and "race purity." The more one sifts day-to-day realities from the jungle of legends and suppositions, the more it is apparent that a fundamental extension of civil rights could take place without loss to the white Southerners of one scintilla of the "race purity" they now have. There can never be intimate social relationships or intermarriage between two groups when one is profoundly and emotionally determined that it shall not take place. But keeping the other group from any exercise of the citizenship which organic law guarantees them, or barring them from educational opportunities which their tax dollars help provide, are not remotely necessary to keep the races separate in their social choices.

Wealthy white Southerners do not as a rule marry poor ones; perhaps not one Southern member of the Junior League has ever married a practising sharecropper, though they are the same Anglo-Saxon offshoot of the same Caucasian race. I know of one woman, in fact, who restrained her son from marrying outside the "North Mississippi Baptist Convention." That seems to me to come very close to saying the last word on intermarriage; but not on civil liberties and American democracy.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

RUSSIA WITHOUT RANCOR

by Richard Lauterbach

THREE THINGS should be said right off about Edward Crankshaw's *Russia and the Russians* (Viking, $3) and Sir John Maynard's *Russia in Flux* (Macmillan, $6.50). First, everyone who uses his head—to borrow a phrase of Philip Barry's—for anything but a hatrack should read them. Second, the American publishers are to be congratulated for bringing out the books in this country after their publication in England. And third, these two volumes are a sharp reminder that England, although slipping behind in tennis, steel production and sex novels, is still far ahead of us in Slavonic studies.

In this country our emphasis has too often been on passionate journalism and partisan pamphleteering. The English indulge in that sort of thing, too. But at the same time their more serious thinkers are applying themselves to the problem of understanding the Russians from a long-term point of view. In our histories, in our social and literary criticism of Russia, we have relied a good deal upon the writings of embittered emigrés. There are, of course, notable exceptions—and two that come to my mind are the late Samuel Harper of Chicago and the very lively Ernest Simmons, now at Columbia. But few American scholars have written a history or a commentary on Russia to compare with those of Mackenzie Wallace, Sir Bernard Pares, B. H. Sumner, the Webbs, or with the books of the two authors under discussion, Maynard and Crankshaw.

Chronologically, Maynard should be introduced first. Sir John, a British civil servant turned Fabian socialist, died a few years ago. He learned Russian in 1894, traveled in Central Asia before Eric Johnston was born, attended the coronation of Nicholas II in 1896, and spent more time in Russia than most American diplomats—or reporters. He did not entirely accept the Webbs' account of life under the Soviets as a "new civilization." Out of his lifetime of observation and research Sir John wrote two great studies: *Russia in Flux,* published in Britain about ten years ago, and *The Russian Peasant and Other Studies,* which appeared in 1942. Both works, somewhat abridged, are now printed here for the first time under one title.

In full dimension. Edward Crankshaw, who evidently has been influenced in his intellectual approach to Russia by Maynard's writings, was a member of the British Military Mission in Moscow during the recent shooting war. His short, readable book should have wider popular appeal than Sir John's, which is a lengthy and scholarly history of Russian social thought. Crankshaw's *Russia and the Russians* is a full-flowered work of art, the result of an extraordinarily successful grafting of creative thinking and creative writing in a field thickly weeded with black-and-white stereotypes.

Maynard and Crankshaw both take the long view on the Russian Revolution and, in fact, on the eventual outcome of current Western conflict with the Soviet Union. Maynard points out that 25 years ago four-fifths of the Russians were peasants—and that we cannot comprehend the astounding development of the USSR unless we first know how the peasants lived and thought under the Czars. Crankshaw agrees—and adds, more pointedly, that we cannot fully appreciate the limitations of the Soviet Union until we have studied the pre-1917 peasantry.

Crankshaw has a theory to explain the peasant—and therefore, the Russians. It is not as oversimple as Geoffrey Gorer's bowel-control key to Japanese character (or his recently discovered gimmick to explain the Russians—their swaddling of newborn infants). Crankshaw's purpose is stated early in his book: ". . . to produce a picture of the Russian people, their culture, and their political ideas, against the background of the unchanging conditions of their landscape and climate."

The plainsmen. Could you make any sense of the problems of the Eskimos, Crankshaw asks, without some idea of the properties of snow and ice? Then why expect to understand the Russian without studying the great, brooding plain on which he lives? This open, windswept plain, easily invaded, difficult to defend, has completely conditioned Russia's history and her people. On it the peasant is perennially face to face with hostile elements which cannot be held off by individual initiative; he is thrown against forces which can only be beaten back by a banding together. This ne-

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cessity for group action has taken various forms under the Czars and under the Soviets. But, and this is a major premise in Maynard's study, the substance does not vary greatly. In the nineteenth century the form was the *Mir,* or village commune. Today it is the collective farm.

Crankshaw utilizes the theory of the conditioning of the plain to explain practically everything about Russian character—absence of hypocrisy, flexibility of mind, boundless tolerance, breadth of spirit, and the speculative attitude toward life and death. From this analysis it is but a short step to a rationalization for the peasant's inevitable *"neechevo"* or Molotov's obdurate *"nyet."*

In brief, vividly written sections Crankshaw sketches in background information about Russian political, social and economic attiudes before 1917. Then he explains, lucidly, the effect of Marxism and Leninism on these attitudes. His capsule account of the last 30 years under the Soviets will win no hosannahs from the doctrinaire Left or from *Pravda.* On the other hand, his summation will be attacked as "pro-Russian" by the "Let's-Just-Be-Beastly-to-the-Russians" chorus. For Crankshaw does not blink the very real contributions of the Soviets.

His conclusion offers small comfort to the Earles and Bullitts. Crankshaw warns that "unless we reach a *modus vivendi* with the Russians our civilization will not survive the next critical half-century." There are, he says, two ways to reach such a *modus vivendi*—by conquest or understanding. Because he favors survival and rejects conquest as Hitlerian and anti-democratic, Crankshaw believes we must make greater and greater efforts at understanding. It does not even have to be "mutual" understanding.

Russians as people. Where Crankshaw has synthesized large chapters of the Russian story, Maynard has spelled it out, carefully documenting each syllable. His material on pre-1917 Russia is particularly valuable. Perhaps the greatest immediate service both these authors perform is the breaking down of the dogma that the Soviet government is an iron corset squeezing the Russians into a new and fiendish look. The Russians are still human beings and so are their rulers in the Kremlin. They react not only to unfriendly winters on their internal plain but to the cold blasts from the external talk of atomic war. They have changed their course to meet realities before and they will do it again.

DRAWINGS BY FRASCONI

In the interim we are reminded that we might occupy ourselves worrying about our own flux—or the lack of it. "The danger for the English-speaking world," another brilliant Englishman wrote recently (Edward Hallett Carr in *The Soviet Impact on the Western World*), "lies perhaps most of all in its relative lack of flexibility and its tendency to rest on the laurels of past achievements. No human institution or order of society ever stands still." (Oh well, we are to have a new balcony on the White House.)

Maynard was convinced the Russians were not threatened by this same danger. "When they find that a rule does not fit life, they give preference to life . . ." he wrote in his concluding chapter, "Personality Out of Collectivism." "Their gift for breaking rules will save them from being pedantic. For the same reason Planning will not hurt them: for they will change the Plan whenever it has gone amiss."

Sir John also emphasized the Russian lack of *political* democracy while recognizing their concentration of effort to achieve *economic* democracy. He did not even believe the Stalin Constitution (1936) was democratic ("The Russians cannot change rulers without the use of force or the violation of law") nor did he think that conditions in Russia made democracy possible. "What is aimed at," he wrote, "is a discipline which shall remake man in a new image, and the cooperation of the patient in the process of remaking. The Russian people is *at school.*" Sir John predicted that the restrictions on freedom of thought "can only be brought to an end when the remaking is complete."

In essence this is what Stalin purportedly said to Churchill when the latter asked when Russians would be allowed to travel freely abroad. Stalin's

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answer was: "When our per-capita output of pig iron is as high as yours."

The Russians seem content to wait for that day. Can we?

POWER AND GLORY

THE GREAT ONES, by Ralph Ingersoll (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3).

THE EX-EMPLOYEES of Henry R. Luce are forever storming into Manhattan cocktail parties to cast a contagion over the conversation. They have an exposé in their pocket, a novel in their system, or hemlock in their soul. All three, more than likely, concern their balding, bushy-browed, one-time boss.

Ralph Ingersoll renounced his cushy job as a *Time-Life* overdog to found and edit the newspaper *PM*. This is not the place for that agonizing story. Suffice it to say that when Ingersoll was eased out of his "new kind of newspaper," he took with him the last of the dash and sparkle of a noble experiment. Life now begins at 47 for Ralph Ingersoll, a brave age to start over as a novelist.

Ingersoll used to produce his *PM* editorials by pacing up and down and dictating at a furious rate. The resultant prose gave his readers the feeling of being grabbed roughly by the lapels while a hairy-chested assailant barked in their ears. The odd thing was that the shouts often made a good deal of sense; for Ingersoll was an instinctive, if apoplectic, reporter.

The Great Ones, at intervals, exudes that old-time religion. But one can't escape the hunch that Ingersoll at last has been broken to a typewriter.

Who's who. Any resemblance in *The Great Ones* to You Know Who, the author is at great pains to make clear, is purely coincidental. Imaginative genius alone could contrive the fictitious mating of Yaleman Sturges Strong, co-founder of *Facts,* the Knowing Weekly, with gifted Letia Long, whose ashen but well preserved beauty sweeps through the world of art, letters and politics.

The mussy chronicle of publisher Sturges Strong and career-woman Letia Long permits Ingersoll to comment sharply on a great variety of subjects. He appears to have first-hand information about them all: Hotchkiss, speakeasies, Yale, psychoanalysis and the Racquet Club, to mention a few.

The Great Ones are, after all, only little, little people. Their sordid lives are portrayed by Ingersoll without benefit of fine prose or dramatic subtleties. The sensation is something akin to staring at a set of dirty fingernails. It is an uncomfortable book.

Success story. Ingersoll wastes little sympathy on either partner of this marital miscarriage. Yet there is a pathetic quality to Sturges Strong, sitting high up in the gleaming monument to his publishing triumphs. He is made out to be lonely and superfluous, a prisoner of his own accomplishments. Strong's contribution to his magazines was a dogged will and single-minded energy to succeed; the inspiration and talent flowed from others. When the huge success is finally achieved, Strong's single-mindedness is no longer a necessary asset. He is merely tolerated by his bright young editors, who grudgingly allow him to indulge his whim to write an occasional piece for publication. Even then they are forced to tinker with it, *Facts* style.

For these ingrates Ingersoll provides an appropriate epitaph: "They drove themselves and drove the people under them until, in their preoccupation with recording what the world was doing, they forgot the world itself."

Letia Long was obviously never meant to marry a man ordained for God, for country and for Yale. She was a lady of extraordinary talent, and the strange fact of her infatuation for Sturges Strong was based on a terrible miscalculation. She thought there must be somebody she could look up to. She looks up at a considerable number of men in Ingersoll's novel—in apartments, in Long Island mansions, on boats (both sail and power) —only to find them wanting. Little else being left her, she becomes a virgin of the intellect.

The Great Ones does an injustice to all the Very Important People who manage to be only slightly ridiculous. Sturges Strong and Letia Long are too much of a bad thing. They congeal like cold wax under the icy breath of Ingersoll's irritation. They are, in fact, unbelievable.

The Great Ones, nevertheless, is an interesting document of the times. Among the taloned gentry of Publishing Alley it is likely to cause a flutter and titter. Ralph Ingersoll, if he chooses, may end up as the John P. Marquand of New York and Reno.

PENN KIMBALL

BEST OF THE STORIES

THE COMMON CHORD, by Frank O'Connor (Alfred A. Knopf; $2.75).

A LONG FOURTH AND OTHER STORIES, by Peter Taylor (Harcourt, Brace; $3).

THE WALL OF DUST, by Hallam Tennyson (The Viking Press; $2.50).

THE WORLD of Frank O'Connor is the small Irish town and may be already familiar to readers of *Crab-Apple Jelly,* published several years ago. The "common chord" in the present stories is sex: not merely love-making, but sex in all its personal and social manifestations from puppy love to the inheritance of family property. The term may be here extended, in fact, to all those elements in life not included in that other dominant force—the Church.

The stories take place between these two positives; either in their natural conflict, or in their sometimes unholy alliance, as when the puritanism of Irish Catholicism provides the women with a weapon for sexual tyranny. At the same time, O'Connor is sensitive and skillful enough to discern and demonstrate how these two elements are combined in his most genial characters. He appreciates the traditional pieties and scruples of the formal code when "life had rubbed [a man's] principles down considerably" and produced a fine patina of urbane humanity.

A reliable key to O'Connor's attitude toward his subject is the absence of satire where satire is all but irresistible. It gives his work depth that

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he understands how all elements—whether ludicrous, superstitious or sentimental—are merged in the temper of his characters and of his community. He is concerned with them as they are, and this sympathy places even the absurdities in proportion, so that when others might ridicule or overplay it for laughs, he can write breezily of a zealous nun: "Having been for years the bosom friend of a dotty old parish priest who had been favored with visions of the Blessed Virgin, she was now collecting evidence to get him beatified. She had cut up and distributed his nightshirts among the poor, and they had worked some remarkable cures."

In this way, too, he shows how the parochialism of the Irish towns makes for a distinct community spirit, inevitable to the climate and structure of the society, and not as mere insularity of stifling clannishness. It is crucial, in this connection, that O'Connor's priests come off extraordinarily well. He shows how, through the medium of the confessional, the priest keeps the town's conscience, and with the advantage of this peculiar insight, arbitrates among his parishioners. He understands the bullying paternalism of such a position, but he understands also the human loneliness of the priest. Even further, he realizes that the clerical vocation is natural to deep instincts of the Irish temperament, and he slyly remarks that "there are more spoiled priests than ever went into seminaries."

These are the stories of a man who knows what he's about. His knowledge of his subject almost convinces us of powers of divination, and it is a subject of uncommon interest. For that, for his humanity, for his rough wit and for his swift, sure skill, I would certainly recommend them as the best stories I have seen in a year.

Transition. Peter Taylor's first book, *A Long Fourth and Other Stories,* includes seven stories that appeared originally in the *Sewanee, Southern, Kenyon* and *Partisan* reviews. Their subject is described as "the contemporary, urban, middle-class world of the upper South," and it is true that, while each

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story treats an extremely individual instance, the volume documents a place and a time.

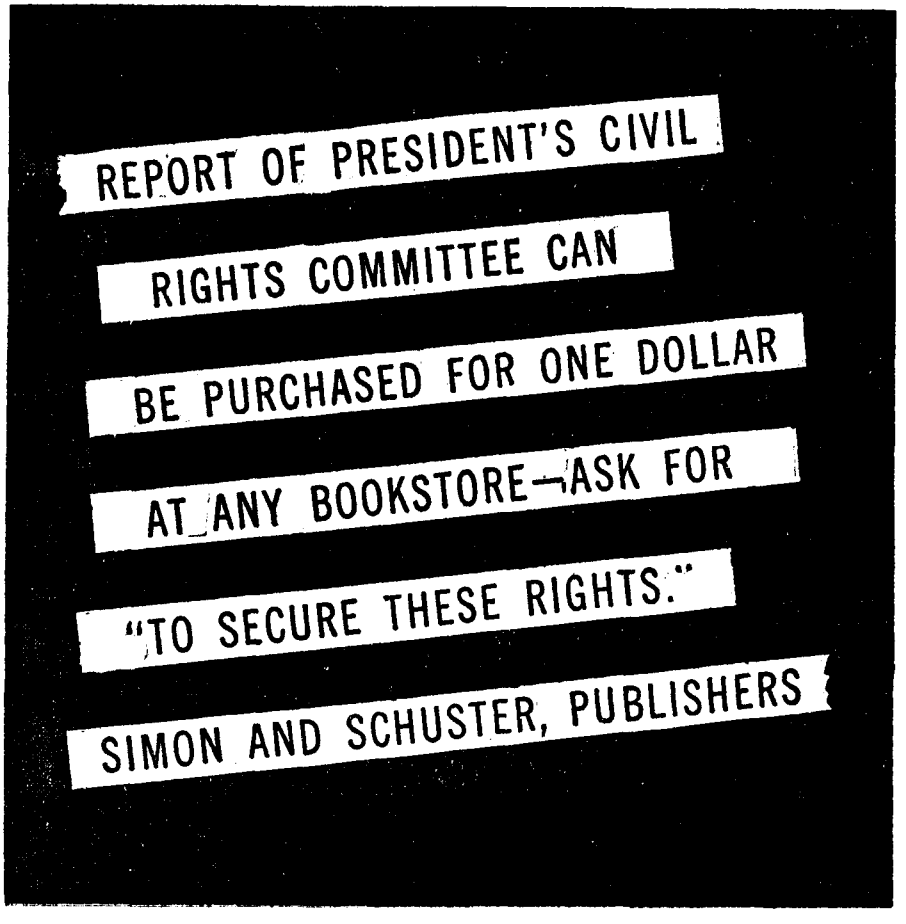
It is a world of disintegrating loyalties and values. One extreme is expressed by the obsessively nostalgic Uncle Jake (in "The Scoutmaster") "saying that it was our great misfortune to have been born in these latter days when the morals and manners of the country had been corrupted." Corrupted, of course, because of "our failure to heed the teachings and ways of our forefathers." At the other end of the scale is Josie ("The Fancy Woman"), who recognized the possibility of exploiting the world of money and leisure, but failed because "she'd never made a good thing of people." Her precarious situation between two worlds is expressed in her rueful self-consolation: "Thank your stars you're white."

A more complex example is the little girl (of "A Spinster's Tale") who grows up, among father, brother and uncles, in the male world of privilege and dissipation. When she deals a successful blow at their common "brutality," she is "frightened by the thought of the cruelty which I found I was capable of, a cruelty which seemed inextricably mixed with what I had called courage."

Though naturally uneven, since they have been written over the first ten years of the writer's career, these stories are unusually fine. They include a variety of character and incident in a unity of well rendered background. In the prevailing tone of the stories, there is something of the nostalgia, something of the precariousness, and something of the cruelty that I have indicated—what Taylor refers to in one place as "the inconsolable desolation of childhood."

"Problem." In *The Wall of Dust* the stories are not, as above, of a particular milieu, but display a unity of theme: the disparity between intellectual and emotional conviction, or the embarrassed malaise of the character who finds himself incapable of a full human response to what he had taken as his ideals. At the end of a victorious "war for humanity," a soldier discovers that he has not only "lost faith in his own life. He had lost it in the whole future of humankind." The problem occurs in a different way to an Italian American soldier who visits, for the first time, his family in Italy, and to an ardent English Zionist on a trip to Palestine.

The stories are told in a spirit of intelligent discussion. Perplexity is the dominant tone. The problem is frankly stated, the elements of it displayed, and some solution is worried out. The author has an excellent sense of place for his locales in Italy, Palestine and North Africa. But he tells us too literally what he's about: the "problem" is too intellectual, and the characters have the story too well in hand, like a competent committee. We are attentive, but seldom intrigued. JOHN FARRELLY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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Explosion, by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random; $2.50). Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, an admirable, sharp-eyed, elderly spinster, is devoted to the Greers, her next-door Washington neighbors. When, on a hot July afternoon, the Greers' house is suddenly blown to bits, Miss Mitchell finds herself thoroughly embroiled in the investigation that unearths a highly complicated—and nasty—state of affairs. Chatty as all get-out, but a skillful puzzler.

Drink the Green Water, by Hugh Austin (Scribner; $2.50), precipitates Wm. Sultan, only member extant of the famous law firm of Sultan, Sultan & Sultan, smack into the end results of murder that happened in the 1890's. His beauteous secretary, file clerk and receptionist provide some hearty laughs while goosing their stuffy young master toward a solution.

Murder Miscellany.—Make My Bed Soon, by John Stephen Strange (Crime Club; $2), is a well written and absorbing account of a series of baffling murders in Pennsylvania's hitherto peaceful Bucks County. *No Tears for the Dead,* by Rae Foley (Dodd, Mead; $2.50), a promising first novel of family feuds and sudden death, is marred by an unlikely solution. E. H.

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MOVIES

The New Realism

IN A RECENT issue of the New York *Times* Drama section, Bosley Crowther, observing the rise of the "documentary style" in this season's pictures, regrets that it is being used almost entirely to tell crime stories. "Why," he asks, "don't we have more normal pictures—more happy pictures—in which the locales and settings are as real as the city streets, the courts, the penitentiaries and the crime-detection laboratories in these hard-boiled films?"

The answer, I think, can be found by making a distinction between artistic growth and technical advance. Film documentation, which developed from the propaganda needs of the recent war, is a camera technique that strives for verisimilitude rather than reality. What it conveys may be completely false, and when you believe it you do so, not through any intellectual persuasion, but from the ancient fallacy that you cannot deny the evidence of your own eyes.

Fresh air. Applied to entertainment films, however, the style works an immediate benefit. It dictates a more straightforward use of the camera; it urges the director to discover the photographic possibilities of actual places, and these turn out to be more satisfactory backgrounds than the pasteboard elaborations of the studios. The move to quit the sound stage and step out into the street, in turn, demands a simpler and at the same time more subtly authenticated performance from the actors. The broad, eye-catching tricks of lazy characterization won't get by in the sunshine.

What the documentary approach is accomplishing, in short, is to return the movies to the days when the only tool the picture makers had was a box set on a tripod; before there was a gadget to compensate for every shortcoming of craftsmanship. In this style

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the machine can do much less, and the people must of necessity do much more.

All this is to the good, but it is good still only on the technical level. If the new honesty of documentation is to make any permanent claim on our applause it must be accompanied by a parallel importance of dramatic material. But this is a bad year to ask our producers for serious themes; and in any year it is intellectually and emotionally more difficult to create drama than melodrama.

A crime story is calculated to offend none of the self-appointed guardians of screen purity so long as certain simple rules are observed; and a crime story, which assays good and evil by a legal code, obviates the much more difficult task of dealing with these two basic ingredients of fiction in moral terms. Crime, for most of us, is a specialized and isolated aspect of human experience; at the same time it offers a quantity of picturesque detail that the documentary camera can linger upon. It is relatively safe and relatively easy, thus, to illuminate it with complete factuality.

Cases in point. The two most recent crime documentaries—"Call Northside 777" and "The Naked City"—well illustrate the predicament. Each picture, one in Chicago, the other in New York, uses its city with taste and photographic excitement. They have a visual freshness that compels your attention and a circumstantial frankness that compels your belief. And the revitalized camera work is reflected in the performances. James Stewart has never seemed as good as he does in "Call Northside 777," and though Barry Fitzgerald reaches no new heights in "The Naked City," he dances through the script with a pugnacious vitality that is at least comparable to his great stage appearances with the Abbey Theatre.

Both films are fun to see, and they carry the new technique about as far as it can be taken. But they cannot stand any closer analysis, for their dramatic content is old and safe and polished featureless by long contact with our minds. If any real use is to be made of the new style, the scripts will now have to grow up to the cameras.

Evil to order. The French "Le Corbeau" (The Raven) arrives here with a curiosity value unique among imports. This is the picture that was made in France during the occupation with at least the blessings, and in all likelihood the encouragement, of the Germans. It was released in Germany during the war, when it was used to substantiate the claim that the French are a decadent people. Genêt in the *New Yorker* sadly called it one of the half-dozen greatest French pictures ever made. The ban placed on it in France after the Liberation has only recently been lifted.

"Le Corbeau" is a striking evocation of remorseless pessimism, but it doesn't seem to merit Genêt's reluctant praise. Anyone at all familiar with the French cinema should be able to work up a list of a dozen or more films for higher acclaim.

An account of how a pathological writer of poison-pen notes uncovers the rottenness all-pervasive in a French provincial town, the picture is so sweeping in its depiction of depravity that it sets up no counterfoil of decency to produce a dramatic impact. Furthermore, despite some beautifully thought-out characterizations, I felt a strain in the acting, as though the cast were pushing against a current, and there were details of plot construction that seemed to me foreign to the French love of consistency and logic. I objected, for example, to the quite illegitimate focusing of suspicion on a young girl of the community. Little incidents, seen only by the audience, point unmistakably to her guilt, and the final exposé, therefore, becomes fraudulent.

The film looks to me like what you would expect of a group of talented people whose treacherous designs were tripped up by their artistic instincts, but I can't be sure how much I have been influenced by knowing that the Germans were working somewhere behind the scenes.

ROBERT HATCH

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THEATER: The Hilarious War

ALTHOUGH IT is improbable that the last war will go down in history as the most amusing event of the century, Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, authors of "Mister Roberts," have certainly used it as a basis for one of the funniest plays ever seen on the American stage. Taking the frail and pleasant little string of stories by Heggen as a starting point, they have shaped the material with a canny professionalism that approaches magic, into a roaring, full-fleshed play which leaves the audience limp, exhausted with laughter and profoundly satisfied.

After the first five minutes of the performance, a wonderful glow of anticipation settles on the spectator—a glow that comes from the realization that for this one night at least, the people responsible for your entertainment can do no wrong. There is the intoxicating feeling that everybody connected with "Mister Roberts" is at the very peak of his creative tide. If one person can be singled out for praise, it must be Joshua Logan, who, aside from aiding in the writing, directed the work with shrewdness, vitality and humor. He has obtained shining performances from veteran actors who are better in this than they ever have been, and he has made a host of youthful newcomers play as though they had been on the stage steadily since 1900.

The scenes, whirling through Jo Mielziner's ingenious and authentic representation of the Navy Cargo Ship, AK 601, are loud, lowdown, slapstick, wistful, bitter, sentimental—it is all one to Logan. He handles each of them with the same sense of justice to its material, with boundless variety, with a strict observance of the proper limits of the character, and with a seemingly inexhaustible gusto.

Point of focus. Henry Fonda as Mister Roberts proves how bitterly the theater has suffered by losing its best actors to the films. He has a most difficult assignment: quiet in the midst of an almost continual riot, serious in a thunderstorm of comedy. He has to center and concentrate the attention of the audience upon himself or have the play lose itself in a series of disconnected gags. He does it by the use of a technique that is difficult to describe. He merely is absolutely real, and by that truthfulness he makes a simple grin, a weary lift of the shoulder, the flat and honest reading of an ordinary line, events of great dramatic importance upon the crowded and uproarious stage.

As the bed-loving Ensign Pulver, David Wayne, as nimble and artful an actor as we have around, paints a picture of a beautifully artless, naïve, hero-worshiping boy that is wildly funny and, at the end—when it has to be—gently touching.

William Harrigan, the absurd and monstrous captain of the ship, the enemy of every man aboard, the foe of all brotherhood and love, conducts his cranky feud with the crew with rasping integrity, his narrow, brooding virulence a perfect foil for the chaotic humors of the young men under his command.

Robert Keith, soaked in fruit juice and medicinal alcohol, gives his best performance to date. He is the ship's doctor—cynical, lounging, the invincible, irreverent civilian caught impermanently in the backwash of a war. A delicious affront to Annapolis and the American Medical Association, he adds the exact, necessary touch of shore-based acid to the seething dish.

The enlisted men of the crew make a mass effect upon the spectator. Individually, perhaps, they are slighted, but the total impression is one of vitality and comic reality. You would not know any one of them if you met him at a bar, but you feel perfectly certain that as a group they could sail any vessel (cargo) anywhere and that the Navy would approve. They chip paint, stare through binoculars at a nurses' shower room, and wear

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their dungarees and dress whites as though they were all in the middle of their third hitch.

If there is a fault with "Mister Roberts," it is one that it is not quite fair to bring up. The play is broader than it is deep, but the authors were not trying to be deep. It avoids tragedy firmly, even though (curious departure in a comedy) the hero dies in the end.

A war does not avoid tragedy, and a definitive play about war, even about such ludicrous rear areas as "Mister Roberts" covers, will somehow convey that fact. In a way, this criticism is a tribute, too. "Mister Roberts" is so good that it leads you to speculate, gently, on the breathless possibility of what it would have been like if it had been perfect. IRWIN SHAW

RADIO: Failure of Nerve

THE MUTUAL NETWORK has struck a magnificent blow for civil rights and freedom from fear. In the process of winding up for this hefty pitch, Mutual struck down one of the fundamental rights—freedom from censorship. This seems contradictory and it is—I've contended for a long time that the broadcasting industry is schizophrenic.

To convince yourself that this column is not hearing things, listen to Mutual's Tuesday-night (10-10:30) program, "To Secure These Rights," which still has a couple of weeks to run. If the première of this show sets the standard, as seems probable, you will hear a sensitive and hard-hitting reading of significant chunks from "To Secure These Rights," the report of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights. But the net result of the manner in which Mutual prepared this series was to violate a fundamental freedom while preaching the sanctity of freedom.

On second thought. As noted here several times, "To Secure These Rights" was to be Mutual's big venture in the dramatic documentary form of radio. Mitchell Grayson was to produce and direct the show, Arnold Perl was to write it, and John Gart was to handle the music. Everybody congratulated Mutual for bringing forward this top trio and for choosing the civil-rights report as the vehicle. Mutual, at last, had come close to the bubbling waters of real radio, and was getting its feet wet. Only, in the end, Mutual managed to put those wet feet right into its own mouth.

After Perl had written the opening show, had rewritten it twice, and had whittled down one point after another, Mutual decided not to use his version. Perl's show was "magnificent"—according to Mutual's president and general counsel, seconded by the chairman of Truman's committee, backed up by the unanimous opinion of all official hands in the project. But, four days before air time—after cast had been booked, studio assigned and rehearsal time set—Mutual decided that the best way to do the program was through reading, rather than by dramatization. Grayson and Gart remained; Perl was let go.

Pressure. I saw at least one of the poison-pen letters written about Perl, and read at least one of the vicious articles warning Mutual against producing a Perl show. But I must of course accept Mutual's denial that any such pressures were responsible for the sudden decision that reading is superior to dramatization. I also saw two of Perl's drafts. I could have seen an official copy of the third version, accepted as "final" by Mutual—but I refused to go into the black market for it, and Mutual may have had some rights in themselves refusing to let me see it. Instead, they asked me to listen to the reading. I did—and recommend it without reservations. Nevertheless, the question of censorship has still not been answered.

One of the most dangerous provi-

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sions in the contemplated "Code of Ethics" laid before the National Association of Broadcasters last September forbade dramatization of "controversial" issues. The chairman of the committee that drew that code was Robert D. Swezey, Mutual's vice-president and general manager. Although the code has not yet been adopted, Swezey's network has already shown what the clause could do. For one thing, it could decide that lynching is controversial. This is the only explanation of Mutual's action that makes any sense at all. And it does not produce a feeling of confidence in the kind of security preached by the actors reading lines so beautifully on Mutual's microphones.

Arnold Perl has been censored in the name of a network's freedom to choose its format—if belatedly. The fact that his script made lynching nauseating is discounted. The fact that he was forced to delete the names of lynch towns like Minden, Louisiana, and Greenville, South Carolina, is put down as merely incidental. We must think it simply funny that the music cue opening the program was changed from Perl's original, "a deeply American theme, blending America with a Negro spiritual," to just "a deeply American theme." And maybe this scene, cut out of an early version of the script, should also be taken as a grand joke:

BOY *(at scene of lynching)*: Pa, Pa! Hold me up a little higher. I can almost see his face. Pa, Pa! *(Peak)* Lookit, lookit—look what they're doing to him now!

MUSIC: States the killing. Then descends and goes out softly.

NARRATOR *(very quietly)*: This happened in America—in 1947. . . .

Do listen to Mutual's reading of the civil-rights report. And next time you hear broadcasters talk about freedom of expression on radio (I expect to hear a lot of it this week in Washington, where the industry is asking for permission to editorialize), remember that Perl's lines about what happened in 1947 did not get on the Mutual air in 1948. SAUL CARSON

BANDWAGON

A Room with a View

In Panama [Representative J. Parnell] Thomas said he had gleaned "a clear mental picture of un-American activities in the Canal Zone" in an investigation conducted from a hospital bed. – *From the* Virginia-Pilot.

Let the Chips Fall . . .

We are trying to protect Ann Arbor and surrounding communities from the "Junker" type of used cars by selling all cars of that type to out-of-town dealers. – *From the Ann Arbor* News.

Word to the Wise

Thoughtful Negroes in the South are aware of the untimeliness, so far as they are affected by the four-pointed Truman civil-rights program, of seeking to drive it through Congress at this time. As Senator Russell and other Southern Democrats in Congress have pointed out, Negroes in the South would be the principal sufferers if laws repugnant to Southern white people were to be enacted at this time. – *From the Albany (Georgia)* Herald.

Patriots All

President Truman was urged Thursday to seek funds to repay motion-picture and other industries for losses suffered in depicting the American way of life abroad in the fight against communism. – *From the Detroit* Free Press.

Matter of Taste

To top off the repast [the $100-a-plate Jefferson Day dinner] the dessert was bombe atomic, sauce melba and a demitasse. – *From the New York* Times.

Murder Will Out

Commander O'Neill, who strongly urged universal military training, said the Legion is embarked on a program to fight Communism negatively and Americanism positively. – *From the Newport* Daily News.

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